THE SUBURBAN CITIZEN.

WASHINGTON, - D. C.

The only chance the human has to avoid a hair cut is to learn to play football or the piano.

France has but recently begun to take the question of woman's rights seriously. France is a little slow in some matters.

Australia has, proportionately, more churches than any other country, the number being 6013, or 210 churches to every 100,000 people. England has 144 churches to every 100,000; Russia has only fifty-five to the same number.

The Appellate Court of Illinois has decided that a municipal officer cannot assign his unearned salary, and that if he makes an assignment he may repudiate it with impunity. This ought to drive the "loan sharks" out of business and put an end to "salary warrant shaving."

A Sunday-school superintendent of San Francisco was making a fervid prayer a few Sundays ago, and asked the divine blessing upon each and every enterprise in which the school was interested. He closed his petition to the throne of grace in the following words: "And now, O Lord, bless the lambs of this fold and make them 'meet for the kingdom of heaven.' Amen."

The treatment of cancer and consumption is receiving much attention abroad at present A London philanthropist has put a large sum of money at the disposition of King Edward for the establishment of a hospital for the special treatment of cancer, and the Baroness Edmond de Rothschild, of Paris, has given $250,000 for the foundation of a Hebrew home for the treatment of diseases of the lungs, the institution to be a memorial monument to her father.

The officers of old St. John's Church, on Church Hill, Richmond, Va., contradict with much warmth a published story to the effect that the venerable structure is to be sold to make way for a block of commercial buildings. The Senior Warden, Captain Cyrus Bossieux, says that the church does not owe a cent to anyone, It is in this church that Patrick Henry made his celebrated "Give me liberty or give me death" speech in 1775, and it is the delight of all visitors to Richmond to stand in the pew in which he uttered the memorable words.

King Edward has pleased the Welsh people immensely by directing "that there be added to the achievement of the Prince of Wales the badge of the Red Dragon." The Red Dragon of Cadwallader of Wales was quartered by Henry (Tudor) VII in a banner with his other badges in recognition of his direct descent from Owen Tudor, the Welsh Prince. When the Stuarts ascended the throne the dragon was dropped from the coat of arms, and it has not since reappeared until now through its restoration to the achievement of arms of the heir apparent who takes his title from the little principality.

The record of deaths in Alpine climbing in Switzerland during last year amounts to 119, which is said to be more than double that of the previous year. Probably many of these fatalities may be traced to lack of experience or foolhardiness among tourists. Mountain climbing is an art, and to be successful in it demands a clear head, steady nerves and no small skill in keeping one's feet in dangerous places. Nothing is more exhilarating than mountain climbing when a misstep may mean swift and sudden death; but Switzerland ought to pass some law restricting this pastime to those who are able to prove that they have had experience as mountaineers, thinks the San Francisco Chronicle.

Khaki has been finally discarded by the British War Office for service dress, and in its place has been substituted a rainproof, drab-mixtured cloth for coats, which is supposed to be equally suited to summer and winter wear. Trousers are to be made of a similar cloth, which, however, instead of being a solid color, are to be of drab tartan, and the puttee and boots for privates and non-commissioned officers have been discarded in favor of leather leggins in the mounted service and canvas in the infantry. It is noticeable also that the slouch campaign hat, heretofore peculiar to our own service, has been with a few modifications, generally adopted in the English service, and that the cork helmet has suffered the same fate as the khaki.

THE LAST INN.

BY THEODORE ROBERTS.

Some day I'll come to that still place
And bid the vintner smooth my bed.
No hurry of departure there—
No waking when the morn is red.

The same kind trees will sing to me
Day after day, night after night;
The wind that wanders in the grass
Will bring no tidings of the fight.

From that still hostelry of rest
I'll mark the seasons pass along,
And clean forget the things unwon—
The pain of the unfinished song.

No man will come when dawn is chill,
(The false hopes of my dreams to break)
To tell me that the horses wait,
Or of some boat that I must take.

Night will not find me journeying
(Where pallid roads in dusk are set)
On some fool's errand down the world—
Hag-ridden by an old regret.

Noon will not find me blustering
About the ante-rooms of kings—
A meddler, caring not what comes,
But junketing with many things.

Some day I'll turn my horse's head
To that still hostelry of rest,
And vex no more the South and North
With matters of the East and West.
—New York Independent.

THERE is a tradition in the American Army that the secret of percussion (fulminate) and its practical application to firearms was discovered by a young Continental officer and imparted to the Commander-in-Chief, George Washington. Theft and death intervened to give the old flint locks a longer lease of service and to make the utilizing of the percussion cap the matter of a new century. * * *

John Barton was Captain in the Colonial service. He was given to research in all sorts of fields, but after the first year of the war he confined himself to one branch of investigation. His fellow officers never knew what he was up to, but that it was somthing that they did not care to share in was evidenced one day when Captain John Barton was blown out bodily through the door of a hut in which he was conducting some experiments. It took the army surgeons a month to get the Captain round to his normal condition, but of the cause of the explosion which had made a projectile of him the Captain would not say a word. It was only a few years before this that a Frenchman had discovered fulminate. The discoverer, however, had the explosive in such a dangerous form that it was of no practical use, and, as a matter of fact, he never thought of it in its possible application to fire arms.

THERE WAS A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION.

The American Army officer had taken the Frenchman's discovery and was endeavoring to combine some admixture which would make the fulminate a more tractable servant and one that could be made to do various kinds of work.

Now Captain John Barton had a comrade in arms named Phillip Masters. If we are to believe the multiplicity of Colonial historical romances, every young Colonial soldier had a sweetheart, and Barton and Masters were no exceptions to the rule. The only difficulty in this case was that they both of them loved the same sweetheart, Mary Travers, who lived in South Carolina, where Marion, Sumter and the rest were doing their best to give Clinton an interesting time. It is rather a hard thing to have to say about a young American girl of the Colonial period, for according to all that has been written every one of them was a paragon of virtue, loveliness and strength of character, but as truth must be the handmaiden of history, Mary Travers was as fickle-minded as she was beautiful. She did prefer John Barton to Philip Masters, but there was not a great preponderance of preference, and Mary was not of the kind who could appreciate thoroughly the difference between the worth of Barton's character and the weakness of Masters'.

George Washington was at West Point. At that post both Barton and Masters were stationed. At a place, close to the rock to which the great chain used for an obstruction to the river's navigation was anchored, stood a two-story log structure. In it the Commander-in-Chief was quartered during his stay at the Point. Captain Masters had been detailed as an aid to Washington. He occupied a room next to that of the Chief. It was nearly midnight on the second day of Washington's visit. Masters had been dismissed for the night and was stretched on his cot in his room. There was nothing but the frailest kind of partition between him and his Chief's sleeping apartment. The young officer had not yet fallen asleep when he heard the outside door of Washington's apartment opened. Then came the voice of the Commander, "You are on time, Captain Barton. I can give an hour to this matter, for I confess that from what you said in your letter I am deeply interested."

Masters raised himself on his elbow. He felt a sort of pang of half shame, but listened. He heard Barton give a detailed account of experiments with explosives which had lasted through a number of years. Then he heard a discussion on the subject of flint locks, and of some new and simple contrivance to take the place of the clumsy device. There was talk also of a further application of a certain force which should make the powder and the bullet of one piece and work a complete transformation of the method of loading weapons. Masters knew from the tone of the Commander-in-Chief's voice that he was deeply interested.

Barton was heard finally to say: "In this hermetically sealed copper casket is a quantity of the fulminate and with it is a complete account of the discovery and receipts for making the explosives."

"Leave the casket here, Captain Barton," said Washington, "and we will go into the matter experimentally and in detail as soon as I can gather together the proper officers. My belief is that this discovery holds for you fame if not fortune."

Phillip Masters heard the outer door close and then he sank down to his pillow with something like much of a jealous pang at his heart. He tossed for an hour on his little cot. Then, moved by an overmastering impulse, he rose, and taking his light army shoes in his hand, he passed softly into the room where his Chief slept. A flickering flame from the fire showed him an oblong copper box on the rude table. He took it with a half-shudder and went outside, avoiding the sentinel by a way known to himself. The river front was patroled else he would have stolen down there and dropped his burden into the waters of the Hudson. He turned westward and made his way along the short military road leading to Fort Putnam. He reached a little gully running athwart the fort's bomb proofs. The gully was filled with a heavy growth of underbrush. He let himself down carefully from the face of the rough roadway and slipped the metal box under the cover of a ledge and the protection of the thick-growing vines and bushes. "Forever safe from discovery," he muttered, and then he went back as he had come, reaching his room unseen. The loss of the box was discovered next morning. There was a thorough investigation, but of it nothing came. Captain John Barton conferred with the Commander-in-Chief and said that in a month's time he could reformulate from memory his receipts and could remake his experimental devices. That very night, by the fortunes of war, he was ordered South, and two days after his arrival in the Carolinas he was dead at the Cowpens. The perfected use of percussion was put off for half a century.

Mary Travers did not wear the willow long. She married Captain Phillip Masters, who stayed in the regular establishment long after the Revolution, and in 1815 was a gray-haired Colonel. Deep in Colonel Masters' heart was a regret. It was a gnawing regret that was past all rooting out. His wife was still living. They had but one child, a son—Captain Phillip Masters, Jr., an army officer.

Captain Masters was stationed at West Point, then a struggling school but little more than a decade old. He was in command one day of a fatigue party, breaking a new road to frowning Fort Putnam. The men were at work with axes, picks and spades. They had reached a place where a boulder larger than most was held in its place by the twining roots of a great tree. The men had struggled with the obstruction for some time. Captain Masters was a powerful man. He laughed at the efforts of the enlisted men, and, seizing a pick from one of them, he drove its point with full force into the ground at the base of the rock. There was a terrific explosion and Captain Masters lay dead just below the bomb proofs of the Revolutionary fort.

When the men had recovered themselves they carried their officer to the post below, and with him took fragments of a copper box which they had picked up at the scene. One torn and burnt piece of paper was found also. Upon it were the words, easily decipherable, "Fulminate of mercury, with an admixture of m——." So it ended, a burnt piece in the paper obliterating all but one letter of the last word. Below, however, appeared the name, "Barton."

Colonel Phillip Masters was told of his son's death. He bore it like a soldier, but when the manner of the death was told him and he was shown the slip of paper his lips turned ashen gray and his frame shook. "The sin of the father," he muttered.

And with Colonel Phillip Masters' life it was the beginning of the end.—Edward B. Clark, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

Aaron Burr's Proposal.

An interesting autograph letter to Aaron Burr from Matthias Ogden, the Brevet Brigadier-General of the Revolution, was sold recently to a collector for $11. The letter is dated at Elizabethtown, March 18, 1775, and concerns love. Here is a part of it—the better part: "I read with pleasure your love intrigues, your anonymous correspondence with Miss T., etc., and, with as much seriousness, the part that is relative of Miss C. T. B.'s overtures, etc. Steadily, Aaron. Perhaps she is worthy your love, and if I could think she was I would not say a single word to discourage you. But here is the rub with me. From the information I have had from you I understand her fondness for C. was after she was acquainted with you. Had it been before I should think nothing of it. Be cautious, Aaron; weigh the matter well . . . I heartily pity the innocent that broke through the rules of modesty and, contrary to her sex's pride first owned her passion for a Man, tho' in the least I do not blame her. Here you have a difficult part to act. If you reject, she curses; if you pity, she takes it for encouragement."—Philadelphia Record.

She Wanted a Nerve Soother.

A middle-aged woman called at a chemist's in Camden Town one evening and asked for morphine, and the shop man replied to her request with:

"Is it for your husband?"

"Oh, no, sir; I have not got any."

"You don't think of suicide?"

"Far from it."

"What do you take it for?"

"Must I tell you, sir?"

"You must, or otherwise I can't supply you."

"Well, then, don't you think that a woman forty years old, who has had her first offer of marriage less than an hour ago, naturally wants something to quiet her nerves and give her a good night's sleep?"

The druggist thought so, and she went away contented with the nerve soother.—London Spare Moments.

RECOVERED FROM THE WATER.

A Scheme More Gigantic Than the Zuyder Zee Project.

The proposed draining of the Zuyder Zee, which has been under discussion for the past century, is popularly looked upon as an engineering problem in land reclamation without a parallel in contemporary history. The land that would be reclaimed by this work would be about 750 square miles. In comparison the Engineering News refers to a work in this direction now being carried out along the Mississippi which will reclaim a tract of land 3500 square miles in extent. The work of reclaiming the St. Francis basin, which lies on the west bank of the Mississippi, between New Madrid, in Missouri, and Helena, in Arkansas, is already well under way, only a few additional miles of levees being necessary to complete the artificial banks which are to hold in check the flood waters of the Mississippi. The soil is an alluvial deposit, and, therefore, remarkably fertile and capable of the highest cultivation. A comparison of the extent of the St. Francis basin with the combined areas of Rhode Island and Delaware gives a good idea of its magnitude. All of this area was recently overflowed by the waters of the Mississippi. With the exception of a few gaps there has been constructed in this work a continuous line of levees some 212 miles in length. The work has been done under the supervision of the St. Francis Levee Boards of Missouri and Arkansas, acting in conjunction with the United States Government. The expenditures of the two Boards together to date amount to about $1,500,000, while the Government has expended about $750,000 additional. Already the reclaimed land has appreciated in value many times its original valuation, and is now held at $60 an acre. Railroads now intersect the reclaimed area in several directions, numerous industrial establishments have been built, the population has been doubled and a general prosperity has appeared where originally there were only waste swamps.

It is, however, not only in the extent of the undertaking that the St. Francis basin reclamation is notable, but in the very low cost at which it has been accomplished. The work of reclaiming about 2500 square miles of the Nile Valley in Egypt is now being carried out by the building of dams at Assounan and Assiont at an estimated cost of $25,000,000, while the entire reclamation of the 3500 square miles of the St. Francis basin will not cost more than $5,000,000 all told, or only $1430 per square mile, compared with $10,000 in the Egyptian reclamation.

The Baby and the Monkey.

Babies are very like little monkeys, and we are least human when we are youngest. But by way of solace and to save our self-conceit if that has suffered, they assure us that whereas the little monkeys grow less and less like humans every hour they grow, our babies turn their backs on the monkey type at the first squirm, and grow away from it hand over fist during the whole of their protracted period of development. The monkey child's strength runs to jaws and to length of limb, and to agility and monkey ways. The human child's nose asserts itself, his brain grows and grows, and insists on having room to expand in, and his skull takes shape accordingly. He finds his legs, and gradually puts them to use, though in some children strength comes to the legs very slowly. The learned doctors assure us, too, that the period of upward development in which the child grows more human all the time and keeps putting distance between himself and the monkeys, is in infancy and early youth, and that presently upward evolution stops, and development becomes "an adaptation to the environment without regard to upward zoological movement."—E. S. Martin, in Harper's.

A Loaf Centuries Old.

A notable recent contribution to the archaeological museum of the University of Arizona is a loaf of bread found in a cave dwelling in the Superstition Mountains of Central Arizona in 1879, and since that time in the possession of Herbert Brown, superintendent of the Territorial prison.

The loaf is undeniably bread, and without a doubt is of great age. It was found embedded in the ashes wherein it was baked probably hundreds or perhaps thousands of years ago. It had very plainly been wrapped in a cloth or mat, and the marks of the fibre of the cloth are visible in the dark, brick-like mass. Mr. Brown is of the opinion that the bread was made of mesquite beans, roughly ground in metates by the aboriginal housewives of centuries ago.

With it was found a store of ancient sacrificial implements, stone axes and arrowheads. The loaf has been sterilized by the curator of the museum, and has been sealed within a glass jar.

Key Fad the Latest.

"The latest fad in souvenirs comes pretty hard on the hotels," said the proprietor of a Broadway hostelry. "The proper thing now among the girls is to appropriate the key of their rooms in each hotel visited. Traveling across the country in the summer brings the summer girl to a number of different places, and Christmas shopping to the cities. A room key abstracted from each hotel she visits makes quite a good-looking collection at the end of the campaign. Hung from the wall, each with its own particular romance, they make a picturesque feature of miladi's boudoir. But it is hard on the hotels," he added, as he sent for the locksmith.—New York Times.